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**COMICS**



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8  
MAR  
UK 85p

# SPIDER-MAN



50  
YEARS



OF  
CAPTAIN AMERICA

1941 - 1991

MYRIANE

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WWW.MARVEL.COM



ARTIST • TODD McFARLANE  
WRITER •

Routine. That's what it was supposed to be. A routine story.

I'd been sent to cover the possible conflict between loggers and environmentalists as the chain saws got ever closer to another old growth forest.

Support to protect the thousand-year-old trees was strong all across British Columbia. The people had another cause to rally behind.

Yet, unknown to me, it was not the giant trees' continued existence, nor the loggers' fight to keep their jobs that would become the story.

LETTERS: RICK PARKER COLOR: GREGORY WRIGHT

Instead the forest had unlocked one of its hidden doors and released a mysterious, evil legend.

EDITOR • JIM SALICRUP EDITOR IN CHIEF • TOM DeFALCO

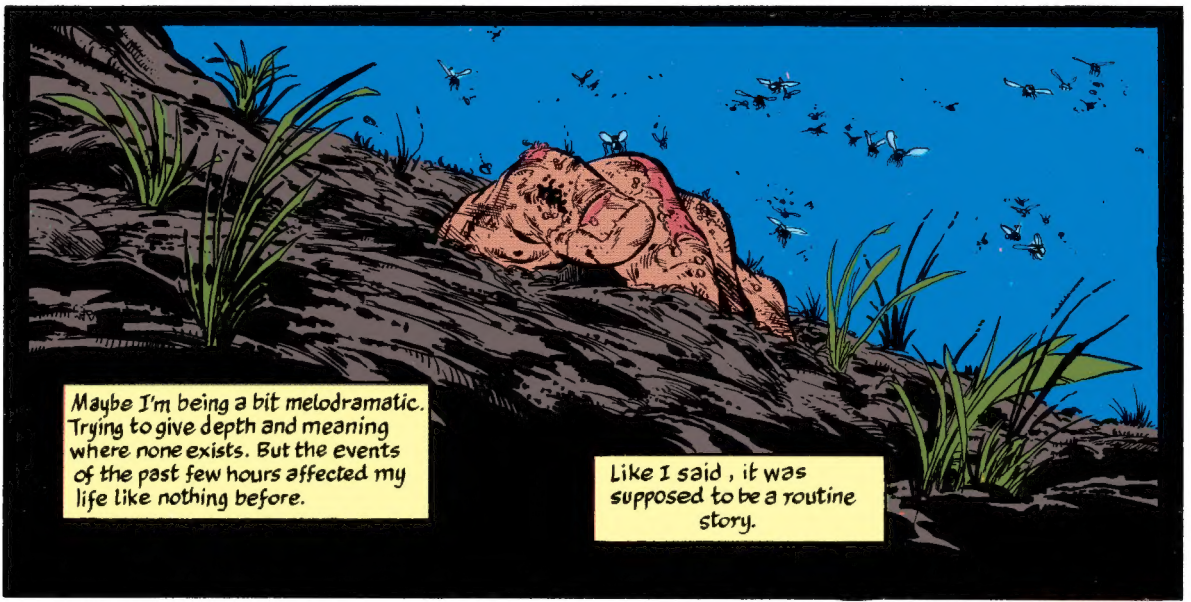
I now realize that the dark forests that surround everyone's town, survive with their own rules. their own unknown purpose.

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# PERCEPTIONS

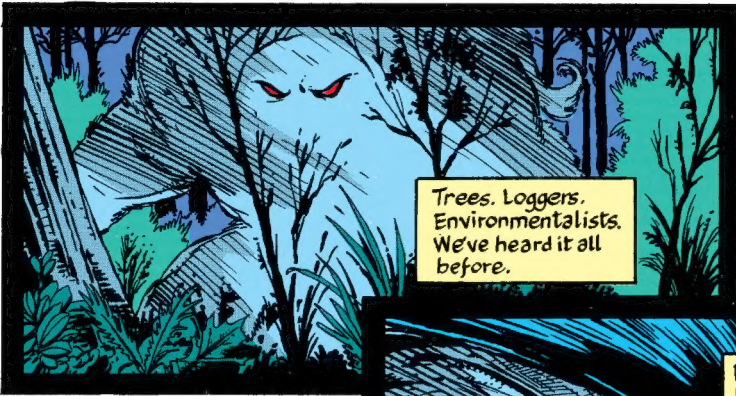
PART ONE





Maybe I'm being a bit melodramatic. Trying to give depth and meaning where none exists. But the events of the past few hours affected my life like nothing before.

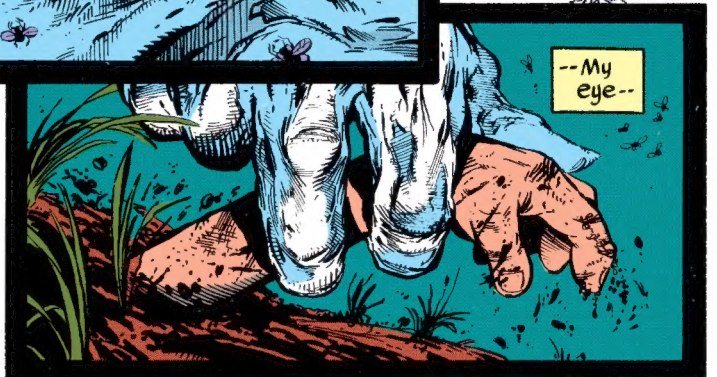
Like I said, it was supposed to be a routine story.



Trees. Loggers. Environmentalists. We've heard it all before.



But in the blink of an eye--



--My eye--



-- The mundane took a sickening twist.





Before I get too far ahead of myself, let me tell you how the events unfolded.

It was about 12:15 a.m. A long day on the road and a late dinner was putting me into Hope, B.C., later than I'd wanted.

The story of my life.

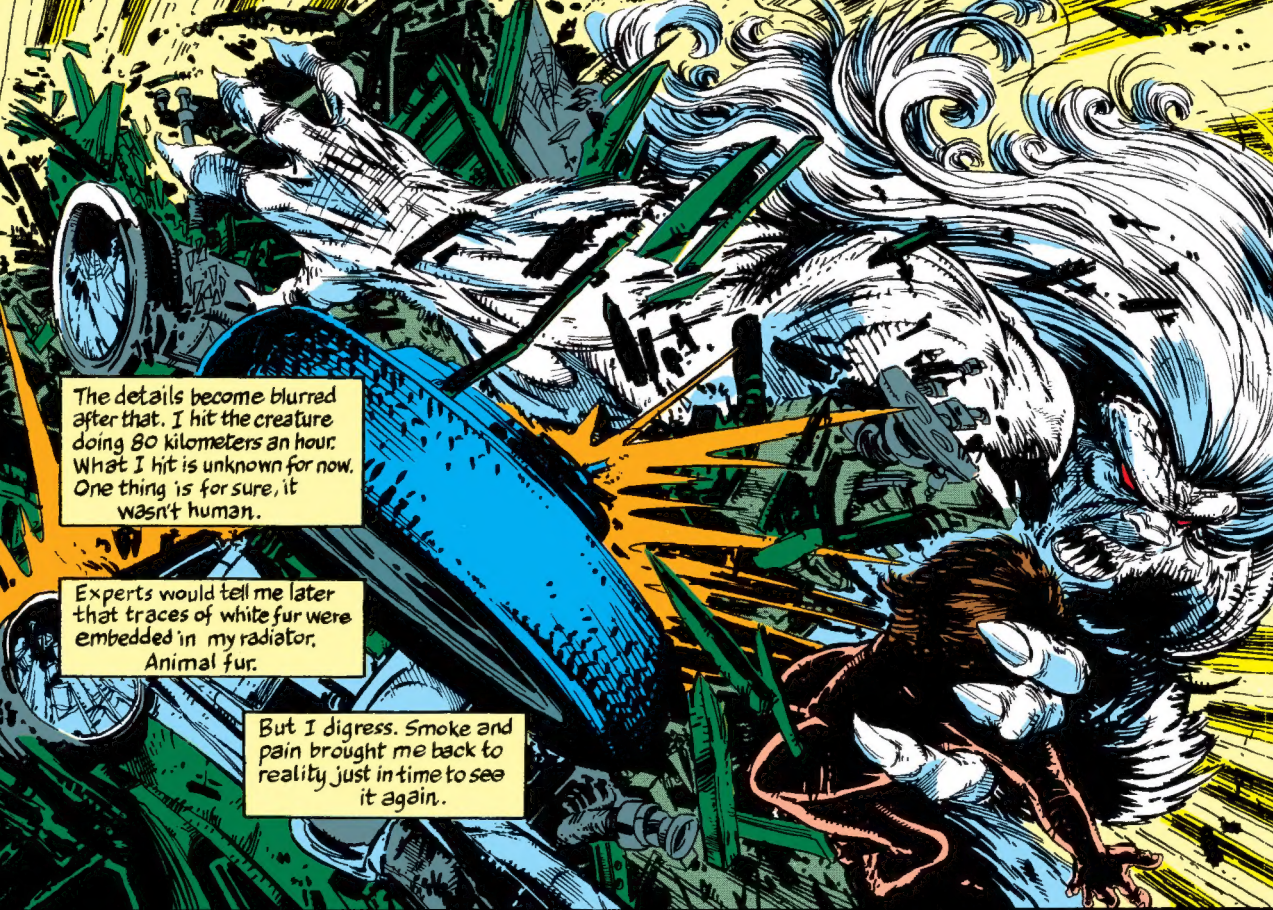
Suddenly, through the midnight fog, I spotted a figure standing in the middle of the road.

Another darn hitchhiker. Always looking for others to complete their journey.

That quick assessment nearly cost me my life.

And my story.





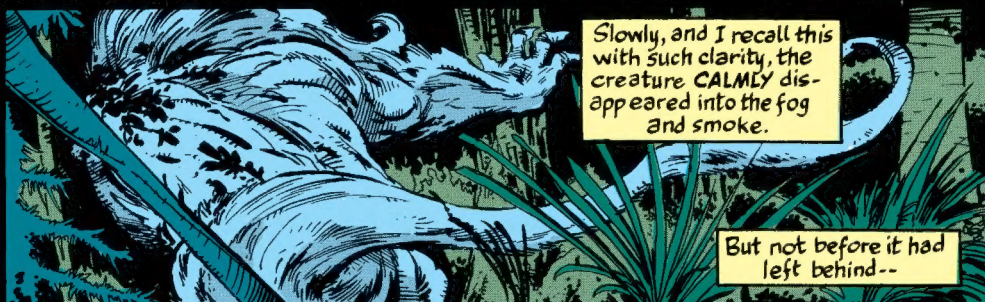
The details become blurred after that. I hit the creature doing 80 kilometers an hour. What I hit is unknown for now. One thing is for sure, it wasn't human.

Experts would tell me later that traces of white fur were embedded in my radiator. Animal fur.

But I digress. Smoke and pain brought me back to reality just in time to see it again.



At first, I thought I was dead. The second wrong assessment of the night.



Slowly, and I recall this with such clarity, the creature CALMLY disappeared into the fog and smoke.

But not before it had left behind--



-- a message.



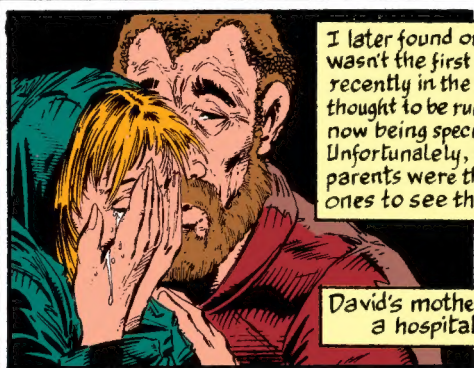
What it had left was the remains of eleven-year-old David Neusel.



# BIGFOOT KILLS BOY

I, Anna Brooks, had just set in motion the wheels of hysteria.

Naked. Decayed. Mutilated almost beyond recognition. The body of this tiny child looked no better than a road kill.



I later found out David wasn't the first child missing recently in the valley. Others thought to be runaways were now being speculated upon. Unfortunately, David's parents were the only ones to see the results.

David's mother is now in a hospital.



The R.C.M.P. immediately began a search. Chief Inspector Krahn was to be the media's contact.

For the first time in my life I prayed.



Besides the police, what seemed like every male with a gun also began his own search.

When the authorities arrived, I could barely give them a complete sentence. They questioned me well into the morning. The first deliberate thing I did, almost upon instinct, was call my editor.



They were determined not only to kill the 'BIGFOOT' but to totally annihilate it.





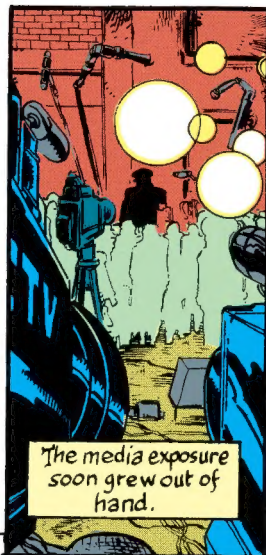
For the next few days everything became a target. Paranoia replaced logic.



The rules were simple. Anything that moved was shot.



The body count of mistaken animals continued to mount.



The media exposure soon grew out of hand.



(50 cents minimum outside Lower Mainland)

## The Vancouver Sun

### Bigfoot Kills Again?

Even more frightening was that another young boy had disappeared.



What had started as a local Vancouver story about old trees, had quickly turned into the news sensation of the year. It spread across Canada, soon

Before we had any answers to David Neusel's murder, a whole new set of questions and fears surfaced.



## Calgary Herald

### Sasquatch on Rampage

Little more was seen with the creature. The area was stable.

With the little black bear on the mountain, the area was stable.

Combine this with activists out to protect the senseless slaughter of wildlife. Environmentalists still trying to save the trees. Loggers. More police. Scientists. Even more media.

You can begin to grasp the utter chaotic state that this Fraser Valley community was now faced with.

## Los Angeles Post

### BIGFOOT VICTIM STILL MISSING

The tragic death of young David Neusel had been turned into a Circus.

Complete with crowds, lights, and someone to call the ringleader.

#### Weather

Today: Cloudy with rain possible. High 48. Low 40. Wind 8-15 mph.  
Tuesday: Clear and windy. High 52. Wind 15-25 mph.  
Wednesday: Temp. range 40-56.  
Ad: 25. Details on Page 150.

## The Washington Post

### Creature Still in Hiding



### Grateful Germans Vote to Keep Kohl

Unification Key to

I keep repeating "Anna Brooks, you were only doing your job."

By Marc Fisher  
Washington Post Foreign Service

BONN, Dec. 2.—Germans from both sides of their formerly divided country today rewarded Helmut Kohl, the smooth, dark

East Germany is almost identical to that in the west. This means that all of Germany we are the ones trusted to take responsibility." Challenger Oskar Lafontaine, 47, a Social Democrat who tried to





LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU **ACCIDENTALLY** (emphasis mine) HAD A KNIFE UP TO THAT DEAR LITTLE OLD LADY'S THROAT BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO BUY IT AND COULDN'T READ THE BRAND NAME.

SOUNDS CONVINCING SO FAR.


WELL, NOW I'M WONDERING, MR. **GIN SU**, WHAT KIND OF DEAL YOU CAN **CUT** ME, GET IT?

I TELL YOU, MAN, SHE CAME UP TO ME FIRST. REGULAR CUSTOMER, YA KNOW?

OF KNIVES. I DOUBT IT.

S-SURE MAN, SHE'S THE WIFE OF THE LOCAL BUTCHER. THEY WERE RECENTLY ROBBED AND-- COULD YOU MOVE IT A BIT TO THE LEFT, THANKS--

-- ANYWAYS, THEY WAS ROBBED AND NEEDED TO REPLACE SOME -- UH -- EQUIPMENT, MAN.



LISTEN UP, **MAN!** JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THIS LIE IS GETTING **WAY** OUT OF HAND. I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON YOUR TWO-BIT EXCUSES.





ALL I'M AFTER  
IS A SIMPLE  
CONFESSION.

SO HERE'RE  
YOUR OPTIONS.  
EITHER YOU TELL  
ME THE TRUTH,  
OR, WHEN AN  
HOUR PASSES--

--these webs  
will dissolve--

--AT WHICH TIME, YOU WILL  
FIND YOURSELF SWIMMING  
FACE FIRST IN GARBAGE. I  
HIGHLY RECOMMEND YOU  
DECIDE QUICKLY.

'CAUSE  
ACCORDING  
TO MY WATCH,  
YOUR TIME IS  
JUST ABOUT--



HONESTLY,  
I DIDN'T--

--UP--

--OR SHOULD  
I SAY DOWN?

UNG!

PERFECT!

ALMOST  
ONE HOUR TO  
THE SECOND,  
FILTH HAS  
JUST MET  
FILTH.



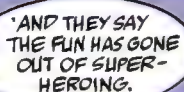


I HAVE TO ADMIT,  
THAT WAS A PRETTY  
AWESOME BELLY-  
FLOP.

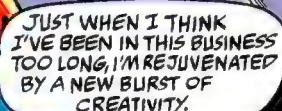


A QUICK CALL TO THE  
AUTHORITIES AND MY  
BUSINESS IS DONE HERE.

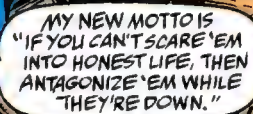
A CALL LATER...



AND THEY SAY  
THE FUN HAS GONE  
OUT OF SUPER-  
HERDING.



JUST WHEN I THINK  
I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS  
TOO LONG, I'M REJUVENATED  
BY A NEW BURST OF  
CREATIVITY.

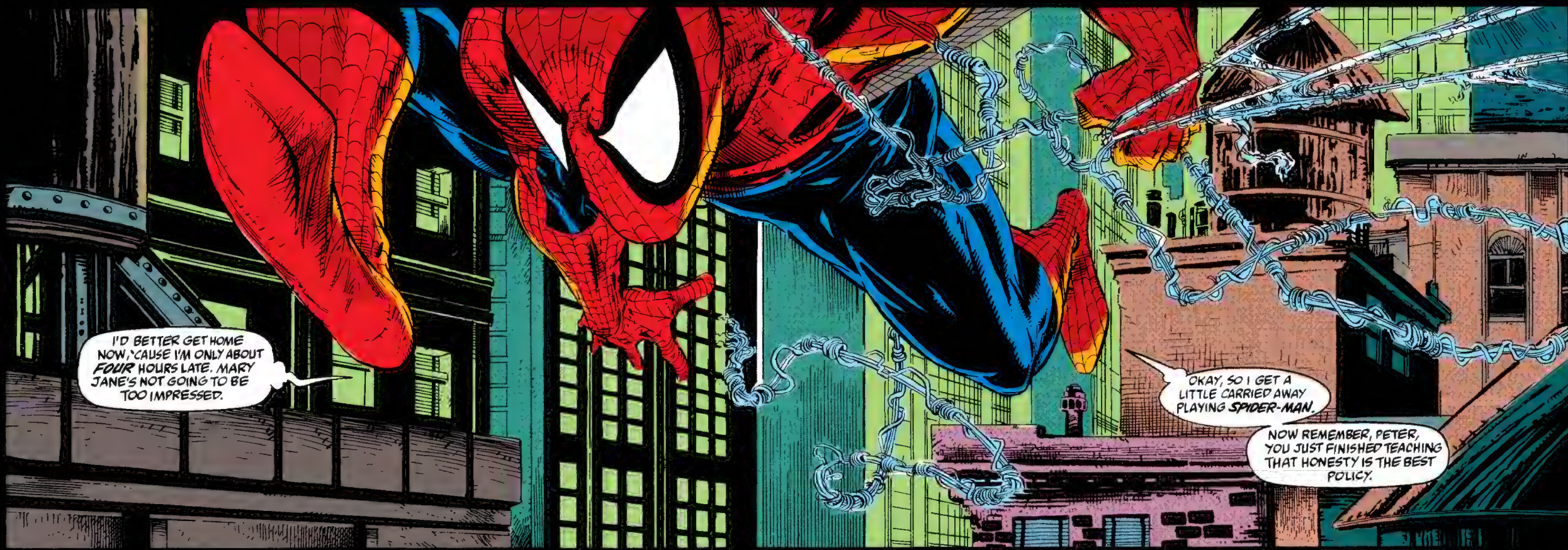


MY NEW MOTTO IS  
"IF YOU CAN'T SCARE 'EM  
INTO HONEST LIFE, THEN  
ANTAGONIZE 'EM WHILE  
THEY'RE DOWN."



I LIKE  
IT.





I'D BETTER GET HOME NOW, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY ABOUT **FOUR HOURS LATE**. MARY JANE'S NOT GOING TO BE TOO IMPRESSED.

OKAY, SO I GET A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY PLAYING **SPIDER-MAN**.

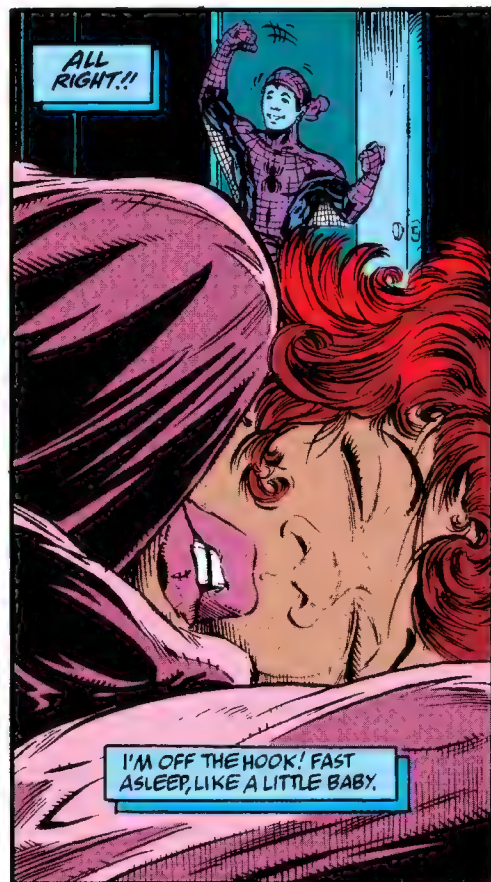
NOW REMEMBER, PETER, YOU JUST FINISHED TEACHING THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.



HOME, THINK QUICK.



HI, M.J.? YOU SEE, I MET THIS KNIFE SALESMAN AND...



ALL RIGHT!!

I'M OFF THE HOOK! FAST ASLEEP, LIKE A LITTLE BABY.



**BRINGGG!**

I'LL GET IT, M.J.

PETER! WHEN DID YOU GET HOME?

OH, JUST A MINUTE OR TWO AFTER YOU WENT TO BED.



HELLO?

PARKER, YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO PACK, GRAB YOUR EQUIPMENT, AND GET TO THE BUGLE. I'M SENDING YOU ON THIS 'BIGFOOT' STORY.

WHY ME?

BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE WAS BUSY!

WELL, SINCE YOU'VE ASKED SO NICELY, I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY-FOUR MINUTES.

PARKER, I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR--

**CLICK**



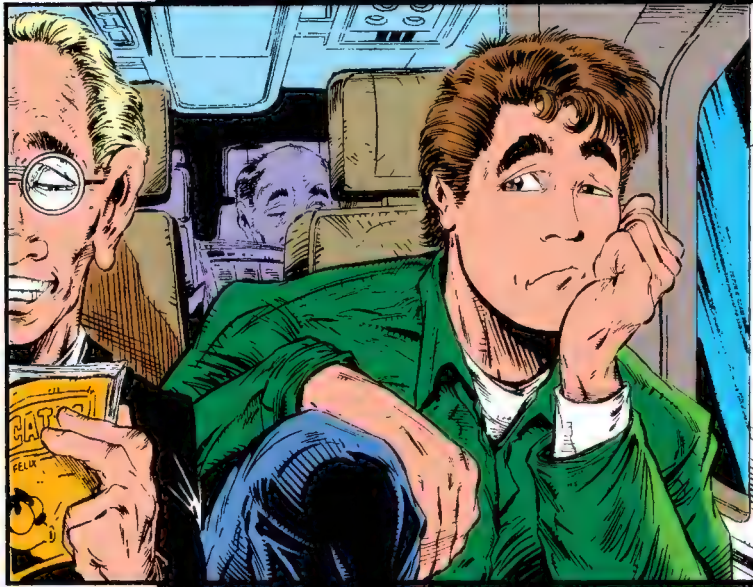
HATE HAVING TO LEAVE MY SWEETIE AGAIN. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HER WHEN I GET BACK.

# DAILY BUG

BUT BEING THE MATURE SUPER HERO WIFE, SHE UNDERSTANDS. AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, SHE'S GONNA TAPE THE SIMPSONS AND TWIN PEAKS WHILE I'M GONE.

ONE HURRIED EXPLANATION AND TAXI DRIVE LATER.

SO JONAH DOESN'T WANT HIS PAPER TO BE LEFT IN THE DUST WITH THIS SASQUATCH STORY. FINE, I CAN UNDERSTAND.



THAT HE CHOSE ME TO TAKE THE PICTURES, THAT'S A GIVEN.

BUT--TO HOOK ME UP WITH MELVIN GOONER AS THE REPORTER, THIS TRIP COULD BE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT. MAYBE JONAH'S TRYING TO TORTURE ME.

HOPE BRITISH COLUMBIA'S A NICE PLACE.

## Miami Chronicle

### Town Gripped with Fear





Hope, B.C., Canada

It is now the seventh day of this 'EVENT.' My reports will continue to come in on a daily basis until everything is settled. The idea of writing it from my perspective has been suggested by my editor.

Since I broke the story, it seems only natural to tap my own emotions. I am tied to this in some involuntary way. More than that, I actually created this hysteria.

I created it.

But my duty is to report the facts to the people of this province and help guide my paper's journalistic duties.

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**Granville**  
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# The Vancouver Sun

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Vancouver's  
hottest buys  
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-2344 (Off.)  
RE MAX REALTY ASSOCIATES  
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(50 cents minimum outside Lower Mainland)

50 CENTS

## Hunter Killed as Search Continues



Through all of this  
I keep asking myself  
the same question.

WHY?

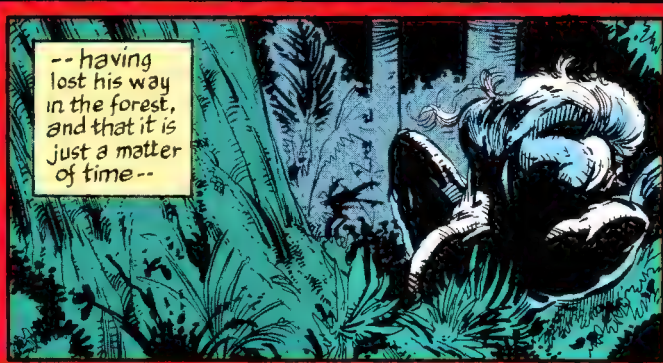
What possible meaning  
can this have, On a  
human level or on  
a divine level?

One boy is already  
dead. His body so  
viciously abused that  
forensics still can't  
determine the actual  
cause of death.

Another boy, **BILL RICE**,  
is still missing. Who  
knows what horrors he  
has been through.



We can only hope the boy  
will return home soon--



-- having  
lost his way  
in the forest,  
and that it is  
just a matter  
of time--

-- before someone  
finds him.



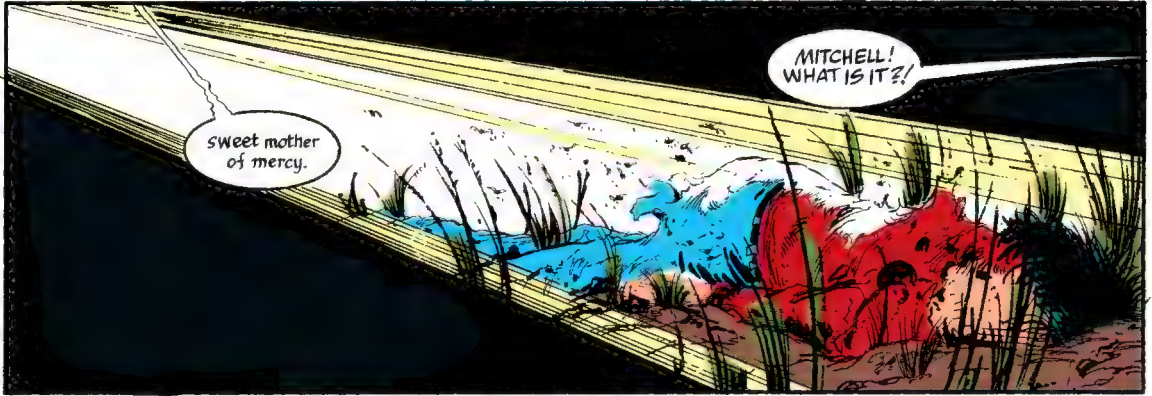
Safe.





On the eighth night  
things turn horrific.

WELL, BOYS, LOOKS LIKE THAT  
SIGHTING THE INSPECTOR RECEIVED  
IS JUST ANOTHER SCARED FARMER.  
BETTER CALL IT A NIGHT.



Sweet mother  
of mercy.

MITCHELL!  
WHAT IS IT?!



GOD--IS THAT THE RICE  
BOY? THE DOGS ARE GOING  
WILD. KEEP THEM BACK.  
NOW!

CRIPES! WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH THEM?  
INSPECTOR, OVER  
HERE. HURRY!

I THINK IT IS THE BOY.

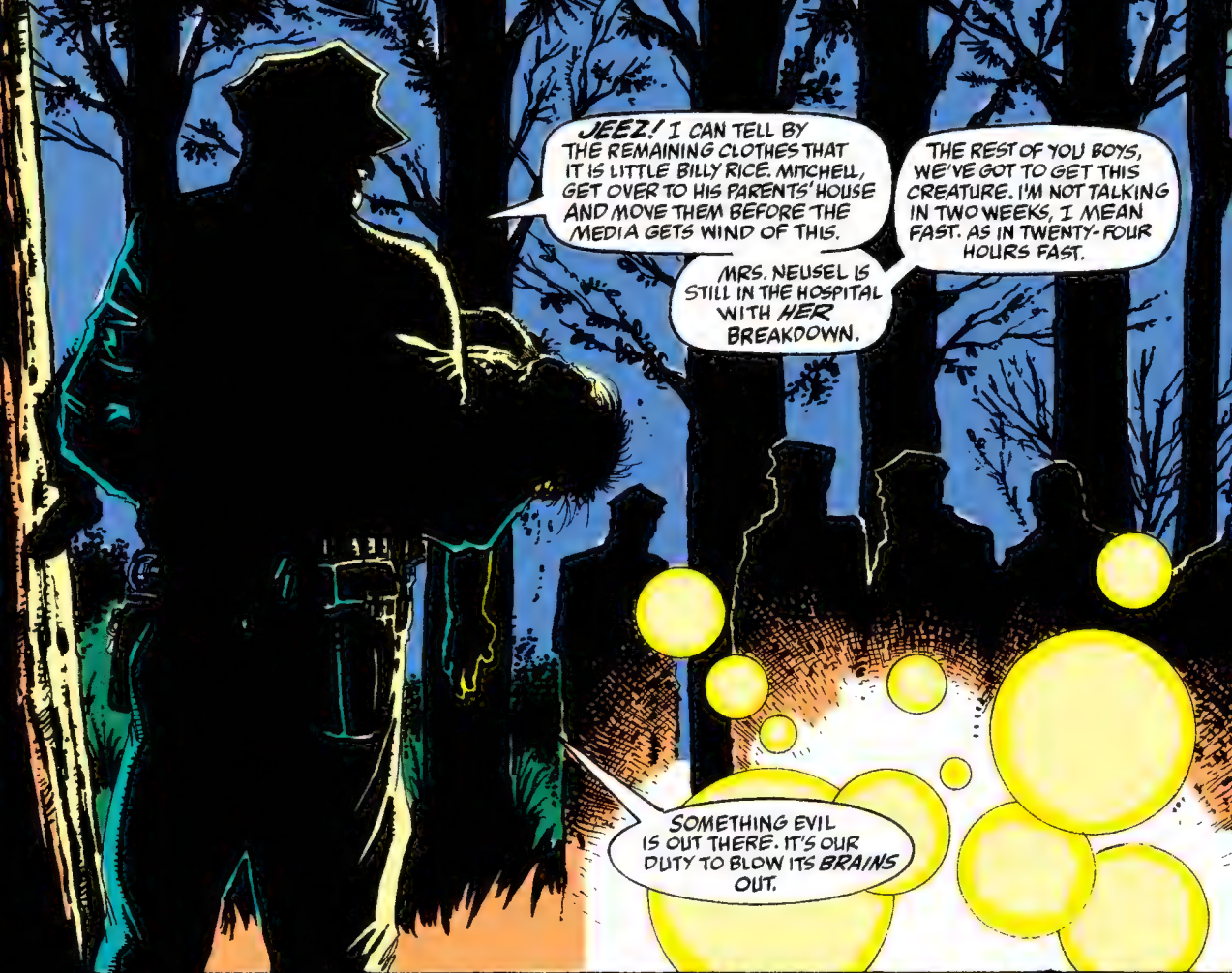
LOOKS LIKE THE REPORT  
WAS RIGHT.



THIS IS INSPECTOR KRAHN, I  
WANT AN EMERGENCY CREW  
AND ALL AVAILABLE AGENTS  
OVER TO THE NICHOLLS' FARM.  
I MEAN NOW!

AND FOR  
CRISSAKES,  
KEEP THE REPORTERS  
AWAY!





JEEZ! I CAN TELL BY THE REMAINING CLOTHES THAT IT IS LITTLE BILLY RICE. MITCHELL, GET OVER TO HIS PARENTS' HOUSE AND MOVE THEM BEFORE THE MEDIA GETS WIND OF THIS.

THE REST OF YOU BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS CREATURE. I'M NOT TALKING IN TWO WEEKS, I MEAN FAST. AS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FAST.

MRS. NEUSEL IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL WITH HER BREAKDOWN.

SOMETHING EVIL IS OUT THERE. IT'S OUR DUTY TO BLOW ITS BRAINS OUT.

Two dead.

Anyone who was a skeptic until now has been instantly converted. People have waited long enough. They want results. Most of the citizens have pulled their kids from school.



At night, save for the police and media, the streets are silent.



People hiding their emotions behind steel.



Others arm themselves for war.

The situation has gotten completely out of control. The media are not helping matters in the least.



Quite the opposite.

# Calgary Herald

## MUTILATED BOY FOUND

Part of the boy's limbs were missing. That seems to be the only worthy fact to us, the media.

## DAILY NEWS

35c

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

## KILLING CONTINUES



★★★★  
**FINAL**

## DAILY BUGLE

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30c

Partly cloudy chance of snow High 25-30 Details p 2

## BIGFOOT EATS CHILD

## THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Year, No. 43,995

## Victim Consumed

## Dallas Observer

## FLESH-EATER STILL FREE





HELLO, SWEETHEART, HOW'S EVERYTHING?

PETER, I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D CALL. I'M DOING FINE. THE QUESTION IS HOW ARE YOU? ARE THINGS AS BAD AS THE PAPERS SAY?

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE NOT GOOD, M. J.

MELVIN AND I ARE STAYING IN CHILLIWACK. EVERYTHING WAS BOOKED UP IN HOPE. BUT YEAH, THINGS ARE PRETTY HAIRY RIGHT NOW. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I'LL HAVE TO STAY.

I KNOW. I SAW A FEW MEDICAL PHOTOS OF BILLY RICE--IT JUST-- I COULDN'T TAKE IT. I LEFT THE ROOM AND CRIED. BIG TOUGH GUY, SPIDER-MAN.

YOU'D THINK I'D SEEN EVERYTHING. BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY.

IT'S OKAY, PETER. WE SHOULDN'T EVER GET SO USED TO THE HORRORS IN THIS WORLD.

I KNOW, DARLING. DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE POOR BOYS' PARENTS. LIFE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN LIKE THIS.

YOU GOING TO BE OKAY?

SURE, I THINK I'M GOING TO STEP OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR.

I LOVE YOU, SWEETIE.

I LOVE YOU, TOO. 'BYE.

NO PARENTS SHOULD HAVE TO SEE THEIR CHILD DIE BEFORE THEM.



CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

# THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Thursday, December 6, 1990

Year, No. 43,995 ©1990

## Berserk Sasquatch: No End in Sight

Day nine. It seems like the creature is everywhere again. The town's imagination has torn apart any sense of logic. The beast can't possibly be in eight spots at once.

Rumors begin to fly. Maybe there is a whole race of them. Maybe they are biding time. Waiting to wipe out the entire town. A sadistic smorgasbord. Beast devouring man.

These thoughts people are whispering. It is no longer a circus. Biblical prophecy has taken its place.

My mind is becoming numb. My energy just isn't there. And, more importantly, neither is my heart.







THIS MADNESS  
MUST STOP.

Things that  
act irrationally.

★★★★  
**FINAL**

**DAILY BUGLE**

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

**30c**

Partly cloudy, chance of snow. High 25-30. Details p. 2

30c Thursday, January 30

# BIGFOOT ATTACK— Hunters Left Alive

These hunters were left alive...  
The hunters were left alive...  
The hunters were left alive...